

# For his old Friend Doctor WILD

# AU THOUR

## Of the Humble THANKS, &c.

SIR,

Had I believ'd report, that said,  
These Rhymes by Doctor *Wyld* were made,  
I long before this time had sent  
Some symptoms of our discontent.  
For since y' have left off being witty,  
Your *bumble thanks* deserves our pitty.

I can't imagine what you'l do,  
Your Muse turn'd *Non-conformist* to?  
And will not easily dispence  
With the old way of writing sence!  
She hath receiv'd, if that be true,  
As much *Indulgence* then as you.

Surely (*Dear Sir*) you did not pray  
Since you convers'd with *Tychobrab*.  
*Jove* play'd the wag, and *Luna* pist,  
Do these things with *Free-Grace* consist?

Celestial signs serve to express  
The good man's heav'nly mindednes;  
There are but twelve of them in Heaven,  
Yet he'l name one by one eleven;  
And if you'r not in too much hast,  
•Tis ten to one, he names the last.

You had been horribly put to't,  
If *Sagittarius* could not shoot:  
*Aquarius* and the *Smyrna* Fleet,  
I'll swear, a very good conceit.

But, Doctor, let us know, why will ye  
Thus vex your self at *William Lilly*:  
•Tis true, he could not find it out,  
That *March* would bring all this about;  
But on that day you well might gather  
That there would be some change of weather:

And change of weather in a Nation  
Portends a kind of alteration.

This favour, you do say, did come  
*Fragrant* and full of all perfume,  
*Like Eastern Spices* (it should seem)  
This had done rarely in a *Theme*.  
To the next Column—let us see  
How you discourse His MAJESTIE.  
Where every solemn Epithite  
Does look like Grace before you eat,  
Which being said, as rudely you  
Do take the Boldnes to fall to,  
With Rhymes most reverently sent  
About *Pope Clements* Fundament,  
And *Puns* that would provoke the hate  
Of any under Graduate.

*Peter Non-con* (it seems) must pray,  
And *Judas* Church must take the Pay.  
Some angry men would call him rude *Ass*,  
That calls the Church of ENGLAND *Judas*.  
You'l be no *Bishop*, nor no *Curate*,  
•Tis onely *Minister* that you're at.  
Minister! It sounds methinks,  
Like Pastor *Clark of Bennet Fynkes*.

These Favours which the King doth heap  
Upon your head, hath made you *leap*.  
And since y' have found your feet again,  
The *Gout*'s got up into your *Brain*:  
If *cap'ring* be so fine a thing,  
Prythee come over for the King.

Your *bumble Servant*,

O BEDIAH.

*Ill Painters when they make a Sign*  
*Either of Talbot or of Swine*,  
*To satisfie all Persons rogan*,  
*That they might make a Hog, or Dog on't*;  
*Do never think it any shame*  
*To underwrite the Creatures Name*.  
*WILD made some Verses you must know*  
*ITER BOREALE is below*.